Numb. 7. 545

THE

Weekly Comedy,

As it is Dayly Acted at moſt *Coffee-Houſes* in *LONDON*,

BY

Snarl, *a Disbanded Captain.*	Cant, *a Preciſian.*	Log, *a Marriner.*
Truck, *a Merchant.*	Snap, *a Sharper.*	Scan-all, *a Poet.*
Scribble, *a News-Writer.*	Squabble, *a Lawyer.*	Pluſh, *a Quack.*
All-craft, *a Turncoat.*	Whim, *a Projector.*	Prim, *a Beau.*

Note, That all Theſe Perſons will not Speak in every ſingle Paper, but as the Author finds occaſion to Introduce 'em.

From Wednesday June 14. to Wednesday June 21. 1699.

Pluſh. NOw theſe People are gone, we may talk a Word or two about our Affair. Pray how did the Pills work with you? I hope you find your ſelf eaſie after taking the Powders, do you not?

Snap. Pox mark her *Market-Place*, for a Blazing Star: Her fiery Tail has had ſo hot an Influence upon the Rudder of my Affections, that by all I have taken I can find no manner of Benefit.

Pluſh. Patience, patience, Sir; you know its a great Vertue in all ſuch Caſes. You cannot expect a Virulent *Gonorrhea*, attended with ſo many bad Symptoms, ſhould be carry'd off in as little time as got.

Snap. It is the Damnd'ſt Diſtemper that ever crept into the Cunneborough of Copulation; the moſt unaccountable Inflamation that ever was receiv'd by Contract; a Feaver in the Tail, that always burns hoteſt when a Man makes moſt water: I have a motion now to ſtep into the Yard, and diſcharge my ſelf of a few Pins and Needles; and then I ſhall be able to tell you the better how 'tis with me.

Steps out and returns preſently.

Pluſh. How is't now, Sir? You look as Crabbedly as if Fortune had affronted you, or that the two Edged Sayings of ſome Importunate Dun had put you out of humour?

Snap. Now could I Curſe Woman, with as Cordial ſincerity, as a Church Congregation do one another out of the *Litany*, upon an *Aſh-Wedneſday*. They may talk of their Pains of Child-Birth, but I am ſure every time I am delivered of my Water, it Coſts me as many Ohs and Grimaces, as it does a Woman in Labour with her firſt Child.

Pluſh. I am very ſorry to hear its ſo bad with you. I'll ſend you ſomething at Night ſhall give you eaſe by Morning: But you muſt be ſure be Regular, and forbear all Inflaming and ſharp Liquors, as Stale-Beer, Clarret, and Brandy, or the like.

Snap. For Honeſties ſake doa't ſo much as Name 'em; for at this time I have as great an Averſion to ſtrong Drinks as an *Engliſh* Toad has to a piece of *Iriſh* haſie. As I'm alive the very thoughts on't has given me a fit of the Strangury.

Pluſh. Be but as good as you promiſe, and abſtain from all hot Liquors, alſo Salt, Pepper, and Vinegar, and I'll warrant you a ſafe and ſpeedy Cure, under Providence, without loſs of Time or hindrance of Buſineſs. But one thing more I muſt require of you, that is, to forbear Sporting, and not think to Cure a burnt Tail, as People do burnt Fingers, by holding 'em again to the Fire.

Snap. You adviſe Patience, and your very Talk is enough to put a Man in Paſſion. Why as true as I am a Corrupted Sinner, I have no more appetite to a Woman than a *Swallow* has to cold Weather, or a *Ruſſian* to a Glaſs of Pump-Water. Nay, I am ſo far from having the leaſt Concupiſcence Imaginable towards them, that I cannot look at one of the Sex but it ſets my Teeth on Edge as bad as the Scraping of a Frying-Pan. My Sufferings have rais'd in me ſuch a perfect hatred to Female Converſation, that methinks I could fall into a raving Fit, and Curſe the Feminine Gender out of the Accidence: Never fear me Doctor, for I am one of thoſe Burnt Children that will dread the Fire as long as my Eyes are open.

Enter Prim *in his New Wig, and preſently after him* Snarl.

Prim. Your very humble Servant, Captain *Snarl.* You are a Gentleman of Judgment, pray how d'ye like my New Wig? Is it not a very pretty Wig, Sir? Pray let me beg your Opinion?

Snarl. How many Whores do you think have laid their Heads together to compleat that Mane of Yours? I'll warrant you now you are as Proud of your fine Capillament as a *Morice-Dancer* is of his Bells, or as the Fore Horſe of a Team is of a new Feather. I'll aſſure you 'tis a moſt Ponderous piece of Prodigallity. Pray what might it Coſt you a Pound?

Prim. I find, dear Captain, you are pleas'd to be Merry: But indeed I did not buy it by the Pound. I can tell you, if you pleaſe, how many Pounds it Coſt me. But pray Captain obſerve the make on't; and tell me how it becomes me. I aſſure you I have ſhow'd it to ſeveral Gentlemen who dreſs extreamly well, and are good Judges of the *French* Mode; and they gueſt it to be Monſieur *De la Cringlow*'s make, the King of *France* his Perriwig-maker, it is ſo finely ſhap'd, and ſits with that exactneſs, if you do but mind it, that let me turn my Head which way I will, the Curls fall agreeable to my Motion.

Snarl. Indeed it is a moſt Worſhipful piece of Art: Its a Thouſand pitty's but the Man ſhould be Knighted that made it. And becomes you ſo wonderfully well, that it makes you look, in my Mind, like an *Eſſex* Calfe peeping out of a Thicket of Brambles, or like the Fundament of a Peacock when his Tail's Spread; for I can ſcarce ſee any part of your Face but your Mouth for Perriwig.

Prim.

Prim. As ſlight as you make of my Wig, Sir, I'd have you to know, Sir, it coſt me fifty Guineas; and if I was to tell you how it was made, I am ſure you'd think it worth the Money.

Snarl. I would have you to know, I think according to the old Proverb, that *A Fool and his Money were ſoon parted.*

Enter Truck.

Truck. How d'ye Mr. *Prim*? Have you got ſome Effects on Board the Ship the *Miſer's Hope*, from the *Straights*?

Prim. This naſty Smoak of Tobacco in a Coffee-houſe, does a Mans Wig more harm in one Hour than a Weeks wearing. What was it you ſaid Mr. *Truck?* I proteſt I was thinking about my Wig, and did not mind you.

Truck. Have you any Letters of Advice that the *Miſers Hope* is come into the Channel? I was inform'd you have conſiderable Effects on Board.

Prim. Letters, Sir, Egad now you talk of Letters, I received a Letter laſt Night from one of the prettyeſt Ladies in *England.* let me ſee, I believe I have it about me; I hope I han't loſt it; I Vow I had rather the *Miſers Hope* was at the bottom of the Sea.

Truck *Riſes up in a Paſſion.*

(*Aſide*) Was ever ſuch a fantaſtical Jack of Dandy ever before bred up within the Walls of ſo Eminent a City! Ah *London*, *London*! That ever the Glory of thy Ancient Traders ſhou'd be ſtaind with ſuch a Vain and Idle Progeny. From the growing Foppery of ſuch Ridiculous Cocxcombs, Deliever us I beſeech thee.

Truck *Exit.*

Snarl. You, Mr. *Prim*, You are ſo very Thoughtful of your new Buſh of Whores Lock's, that you can't find time to talk a word of Buſineſs. Did you not hear what the Gentleman ſaid to you?

Prim. No, I vow, Sir, I was thinking of a Pretty Lady that I know has a great kindneſs for me, and did not mind him. I proteſt I ſhould go up to Change to day, but I am obliged to go firſt to *Roderigo*'s at *Chairing-Croſs* to fill my Snuſh-box.

Enter Scribble.

Scribble. Your Servant Gentlemen. I have received a Letter of ſuch comical News from *Hackney*, that I came on purpoſe to divert you with it.

Omnes, Pray Mr. *Scribble* let's hear it.

Scribble *Plucks out a Letter and Reads.*

Mr. *Scribble*,

A Remarkable Intreigue at *Hackney* happening to occur to my knowledge, I thought it might be of ſome Service to you to give you an account of it, which take as follows.

A Young Gentleman of this Pariſh, known by the Name of Eſquire *Suck-bottle*, made it his endeavour to procure a match with Sr. *Thomas Cloſepurſe*'s Daughter; in a little time he made a conſiderable progreſs in his deſign; and had gain'd both the Affections and Conſent of the Young Lady before he had propos'd any Treaty with her Father, who hearing of the Intreigue between *Suck-bottle* and his Daughter, was ſo highly enrag'd at his clandeſtine proceedings, that he forwarn'd him of his Houſe; and, as a more ſecure prevention of the Match, confin'd his Daughter cloſe Priſoner in her own Apartment. The young Squire being deeply concern'd at the ſevere uſage of his beloved Miſtreſs, aſſum'd the Courage of a *Roman* Lover, and went by Midnight, when all things were huſh and Silent to *Cloſe-purſes* habitation, where by the aſſiſtance of a Friend, he rais'd a Ladder, and mounted himſelf upon the Leads, and knowing her Lodgings, drop'd a Letter down the Chimny, to give her notice he would make her a viſit the next Night the ſame way himſelf; which Letter in the Morning, the Lady found with unexpreſſible Satisfaction.

According to the time prefix'd, the Eſquire, with the Aſſiſtance of two Truſty Friends, went in order to accompliſh his Intrigue. The Engine he had prepar'd to Shoot the Chimney, being a Rope and a Hand-Basket, by which means he was convey'd ſafely thro his Sooty Gulph, at the bottom of which the Panting Lady was ready to receive him in her Joyfull Arms.

The ſignal to be given when his Friends ſhould pull him up, was a Jog of the Rope; ſuch familiarity had already paſt between 'em, that they loſt no time in Courtſhip, but prepared themſelves for thoſe Joys to which they haſted with equal eagerneſs. They had no ſooner leapt into their downy *Elizium*, but the Braces of the Ticking began to Celebrate the Pleaſures of the Night with their accuſtomary Muſick, which was unhappily over-heard by her Lady Mother in the next Room, who awaking her Husband, told him ſhe was ſure ſomebody was got to Bed to her Daughter. Upon which, Sir *Thomas* leaps up in wonderful haſte, takes the Key of his Daughters Chamber out of his Pocket, which he would not intruſt with any but himſelf, and gropes his Way to the Door. The Lovers having done, and being lain down to take a little Breath, happen'd to hear the Old Gentleman fumbling at the Key-hole; upon which the Daughter (thro' a great preſence of mind) Skips Nimbly out of Bed, ſets a chair between the Bed & the Chimney, Kneels down, and with abundance of ſeeming fervency fell to prayers, and juſt as her Father open'd the door ſoftly, ſhe was in this Part of her Devotions; *I beſeech thee make me a Comfort to my Fathers gray haires, encreaſe his Riches, advance him to high Honour, and may he live to the Age of* Methuſalem. The Old Dad was ſo highly pleas'd with his Daughters Piety, and kind Supplications for her Aged Father, took no Notice, and would by no means diſturb her, but gently ſhut the Door and return'd to his Bedfellow, giving her a ſharp Reproof for her Evil Opinion of their Dutiful and Godly Child.

Having by this Stratagem prevented a diſcovery, the Lovers renew'd their Joys, the old Lady her Jealouſie, who aroſe, took the Key, and would go herſelf to be ſatisfied, and enter'd the Chamber with ſuch ſilence, that the buſie Lovers heard her not till ſhe ſtumbled at the Chair, and by lucky accident fell into the Basket, which Jog'd the Rope and gave the ſignal. The Anglers above, thinking they had Caught the Right Fiſh, pulled up, the old Lady Roar'd, but ſtill they hauled, till at laſt finding their miſtake, took her out of the Basket in a Fit, and laid in a ſecond Time, and drew up him they Fiſh'd for, making all a clever eſcape free of any Detection, leaving the Marron of the Family upon the Leads, who recovering from her Fright, ſhook off her Trance, and making a Lamentable Catterwawling, ſhe rais'd the Family to her aſſiſtance, who were wonderfully amaz'd to find their Lady in this Condition; who being unable to give any account how ſhe was convey'd thither, it was conjectur'd by her Husband, as a juſt Judgment to puniſh her for her Evil Conceptions of their Innocent and Righteous Daughter.

LONDON, Printed by J. H[illegible], in the *Ram-Head-Inn-Yard*, in *Fanchurch-ſtreet.*

The Protestant Mercury.

Occurrences, *Forein* and *Domestick*.

From Friday, June 16. to Wednesday, June 21. 1699.

Rome, *June* 6.

THE Duke of *Berwick*, who was sent from the late King of *England* his Father, to this City, to request a Support for the *Irish* who were fled hither, is returned again to *France*, and the Pope hath for that purpose assigned 20000 Scudi to the Nuntio *Delfino*, and a Recommendation hath been also made to the Consistory for a Contribution.

Genua, *June* 6. On Tuesday last 7 Gallies arrived here from the Duke of *Tuscis*, with some Forces that are to be sent forward to *Ceuta*. Our Great Council was Assembled on Tuesday last, at which time the Sieur *Girolamo Nani* was elected our Doge, the same Office being possessed by his Father in the Year 1663.

Turin, *June* 6. We have Advice from *Nizza*, that within a small time past 350 Soldiers of the Regiment of Guards of his Royal Highness, (which lay in Garison there) have Deserted with their Arms and Accoutrements, and that 150 of them had done the same at one time, who had taken the way of *Provence*. Upon Advices received from *Mondovi*, that some of the Rebels, who were lately brought to *Vercelli*, and were fled again to their own Houses, and joined those who continued in Arms upon the high Mountains, and who had fallen into *Moncalvo*, *Monasterio*, *Vuy* and *Briain*, and had Slain all Persons they found in their way, and Plundered their Houses, his Royal Highness hath sent Orders to the Dragoons who were posted in *Pignerol*, to March thitherwards, and to quell this Rebellion in due time. We having been very busy to Cashier all the *French* Soldiers, who were in our Regiments, and pretended to be *Savoyards*, a Regiment of *Saluzzo* some days since passed a Review before the Castle to that end and purpose, and in order to make a true discovery of the Matter, it was declared to each Person, that all those who were *French*-men, and did not immediately declare themselves to be such, should have the point of their Nose Cut off, for fear of which a great number separated themselves from the rest, who were all Disbanded. On the 4th instant Count *Porro* arrived here, being sent by the Senate and Chamber of *Milan*, to Compliment their Royal Highnesses on the Nativity of the Prince of *Piedmont*, and he was accompanied to this City by a numerous Train of Gentlemen. This morning a great Company of the Jesuits went from hence along the *Po* to *Vercelli*, having with them an Image in Silver, made to represent the Young Prince of *Piedmont*, and of the same bigness as he was of when Born. This Image weighed 122 Ounces, and is to be set up in the Chappel of St. *Amadeo* the third, Duke of *Savoy*. We have Advice from *Rome*, that there hath been so great a Familiarity between Prince *Livio Odescalchi* and the Queen Dowager of *Poland*, that when they Rode both together in a Coach, they discoursed of a Marriage with each other, provided His Imperial Majesty would confer the Title of Royal Highness on the said Prince, which was accounted by many, as a good Prognostick of their intended Marriage.

Vienna, *June* 13. Yesterday the Emperor with the whole Court, came to the *Favorita* at this Place, and the Baron *de Schonborn*, who lately arrived here as an Envoy Extraordinary from the Court of *Mentz*, is to have an Audience of His Imperial Majesty in a few days, and is to take Possession of the Office of an Imperial Privy Councellor. 'Tis discoursed here that an Imperial Ambassador will be sent to *Berlin*, to entreat the Elector of *Brandenburgh* that he would come to an Accommodation with the Crown of *Poland*, without any farther Mediation. A considerable Sum of Money is set apart, in order to be appropriated for amending the Fortifications of *Peter Waradin* and *Essek*, as also the Passes to *Transilvania*. They are very busy in Working on the new Fortifications of *Arath*, to which purpose 3 Regiments of Horse from *Transilvania* and 6000 Soldiers are on their March from other Places. We have Advice from *Turkey*, that the Christian Prisoners are set at Liberty, according to the Articles of Peace. When the Emperor's Birth-day was Solemnized here, His Majesty declared Count *Martinitz*, his Ambassador at *Rome*, chief of his Life-Guard, and he is expected here in a Month or two. The King of the *Romans* hath been much Indisposed with a Sore Throat, but is now much better, by being Let Blood.

Hamburg, *June* 23. The Letters from *Poland* inform us, that the *Saxon* Forces were on their March to *Silesia*, and that the *Lithuanian* General *Birkholtz* was gone to *Breslau*, to Confer with the Imperial Commissioners about the Road that those Troops are to take.

Paris, *June* 24. Count *d'Avaux* arrived the other day in this City, and soon after went to *Versailles*. On Tuesday last the Count *de Vernon*, new Ambassador from *Savoy*, had an Audience of the King. The Duke of *Gesures* hath deferred the execution of the Sentence against the Marquis *Novion*, for Contumacy, it being disapproved by the King, so that the said Marquis will not be Beheaded in Effigie. We hear from *Hispaniola*, that the Sieur *Chateaumorant* having viewed the Scituation of the River *Missippi*, was returned thither again, and that Monsieur *d' Iberville*, after he had planted his Colony, would join with him in his Design. The Archbishop of *Cambray* hath received Orders from the King to preside in the Assembly of the Cantons of *Maubeuge*, and to make a Nomination of 3 Persons, one of whom the King will elect an Abbot. The Mathal *Boufflers* should have assisted there, as Governor of the *French Netherlands*, but as he is Drinking the Waters, the Marquis *de Moubron* is nominated to supply his place, and Monsieur *Bernier*, the King's Intendant, is also to be present at the Assembly.

Hague, *June* 26. The King of Great *Britain* is arrived at *Loo* from *Soesdyke*. The Heer *Van Geldermalsen*, Envoy Extraordinary from this State, and some other Lords, are also gone thither, and the Counts *Aversberg* and *Dhona*, as also the Baron *Schutz*, Imperial and *Lunenburgh* Envoys design to follow. Count *Guiscard* the Ambassador from the *French* Court to that of *Sweden*, designs to wait on the King at *Loo* in his Journey hither.

London, *June* 21. On Sunday last a Quarrel happened at *Lambeth*, and a Duel being Fought, one of the Combatants was most Desperately Wounded, whereby he has wholly lost the use of one of his Arms, for which the other is committed.

On Wednesday last the Corps of Eleven Men, with several Chests, Hogsheads of Clarett, and Butts of Prunes, came ashoar near the Mount in *Cornwal*, supposed to be the Wreck of some *Swedes* Vessel from *France*, by the Garb of the Marriners.

On

ville, as also to divers Generals and Grandees. On Tuesday last his Excellency was Treated by the Prince *de Tilly*, and in the evening by Mr. *Hill*, the *English* Envoy, and yesterday by the Marquis *de Bedmar*.

Hague, *July* 2. This day about Noon the Sieur *Toledano*, Ambassador Extraordinary from the Emperor of *Morocco*, had his Audience of the States, being conducted to it by 2 Deputies in the States Coach, drawn by 4 Horses: He made his Speech in the *Arabick* Language, which was Answered by Monsieur *Torres*,, and he therein informed the States of his Master's Friendship, and that he was come on purpose thither, to assure their Highand Mightinesses of the same, and thereupon delivered his Credential Letters from his Master, as also a Letter from the Governor of *Tangier*, to the same effect, and was answered, that the States would do what in them lay to continue their Amity; after which the said Ambassador was reconducted to his Apartment. Count *Tallard*, the *French* Ambassador, is gone to *Loo*.. The King of *England* continues at *Dieren*.

London, *June* 28. Some days since Sir *Thomas Gracey*, Bar. of *Derbyshire*, departed this Life.

'Tis said the Royal Fishery are preparing to send out 12 of their Ships to their Herring-Fishing, on the Coast of *Scotland* and *Ireland*.

Yesterday was to be held a General Sale of *East India* Goods at the *East India-house*, but Sir *Thomas Cook* being busied about the Affairs of Sir *Josiah Child*, Deceased, the same was deferred.

It's said, that *Charles Duncomb*, Esq; and *Jeffery Jefferys*, Esq; attended the Court of Aldermen yesterday, and offered to give Bonds to hold the Office of Sherriffs for the year ensuing; and most are of Opinion their Sherrivalty will be as Noble as any for several years past.

A Parcel of Sharpers have now got a Trick to get fine Cloaths on their Backs, and then take eminent Lodgings, which they Rob with the first opportunity; the reason of this being inserted here, is by way of Caution, a particular Friend being served in the same nature but last week.

A Gentleman walking through an Alley in *Bishopsgate-street* yesterday morning, was furiously Assaulted by a Dog, and being without a Cane, took up a Stone to throw at him, which by a rebound hit a little Girls Head, and broke the same, and the Mother coming to the Child, was in a very violent Passion; but the Gentleman prayed her to be pacified, and get a Surgeon, and he would pay for the Cure, but instead thereof the Woman was more violent, Swearing she would have his Blood, and began to raise the Mobb, which he did not thing fit to trust himself with, and thought to move off, but in attempting to make his escape, his Right Arm was Broke short off, and one of his Legs much Bruised.

Yesterday the Poll was ended for the Place of Bridgmaster, between Mr. *Thomas Crane* and Mr. *John Pist*, for the former was 2334, and for the latter 1174, and accordingly Mr. *Thomas Crane* was Declared.

It is discoursed, that yesterday upon *Hounslow-Heath* no less than 3 Highway-men were taken, and as many Killed in making an Attempt on a Gentleman and two Servants well Armed, who had a considerable Summ of Money with them, and did not think fit to part with the same without Blows; so that instead of Money they caught a *Tartar*.

Advertisements.

*** *Jus Primogeniti*: Or, The Dignity, Right and priviledge of the First-Born: Inquisited and Defended against the Impious Practice of some Fathers, in Disinheriting their First-Begotten Sons. Sold by *R. Battersby*, at *Staple-Inn-Gate*, next the Bars in *Holborn*.

AN Apothecary here in Town, whose Business for several years has been, and still is 250 *l.* *per Annum* and upwards, would dispose thereof, with Medicines and Utensils, House and Shop ready fitted, to one that can deposite about 150 *l.* and will stay with him that takes it 2 or 3 months, if desired, to introduce him into the Acquaintance and Custom: Enquire of Mr. *Grigsby*, a Scrivenor, against the Swan Tavern in *Exchange-Alley*, and you may be farther informed

☞ The True Art of Angling, or The best and speediest way of Taking all sorts of Fresh-water Fish with the Worm, Fly, Paste, and other Baits, in their proper Seasons; how to know the Haunts of Fish, and Angle for them in all Waters and Weathers, at the top, middle and bottom, Baiting of the Ground, Night-Baits, Oils, and Ointments, Baits Natural and Artificial: The several ways of Angling: To make Oil of Asper, and many rare Secrets never before made publick; containing the whole Body of Angling, and Mystery of a Compleat Angler. By *J. S.* Gent. a Brother of the Angle. Printed for *G. Conyers* at the Golden Ring in *Little Britain*, pr. 6 *d.*

*** Notice is hereby given from the *Society of Assurance* by mutual Contributions for Survivorship, ascertaining 250 *l.* to the Survivor of Man and Wife, becoming Widower or Widow; Subscriptions are daily taken at Mr. *Grigsby*'s Office over-against the Swan Tavern in *Exchange-alley*, from 10 till 1, and from 3 till 6, where many have already Subscribed. Each Subscriber to pay at Entrance 5 *s.* for a Pollicy, 1 *s.* *per* Quarter, and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* to every Claim, for himself and Wife, till he or she becomes a Claimant, and no longer; which Payments, according to the most exact Calculations that can be made, will not amount to more than 4 *l.* *per Annum*, and that's but an inconsiderable Charge for so large a Summ as 250 *l.* to be paid to the Survivor. We the Trustees selected the 26th of *May* last, out of the first 50 Subscribers) do hereby give Notice, That we have met the Undertakers, examined and perused the Articles of the said Society, and do not find any thing therein contained or intended thereby, but what we are fully perswaded may be for the general satisfaction and advantage of the Subscribers, and do hereby recommend it as such to the Publick. Witness our Hands, the 8th of *June*, 1699, *Robert Howson*, Minister; *Josiah Chitty*, Merchant; *William Bayley*, Gold-smith; *George Segner*, Jeweller, and *Robert Norris*, Apothecary.

At a Meeting of the Trustees the 17th of *June*, it was resolved and agreed, That so soon as One Thousand Persons shall have Subscribed to this Undertaking, the Summ of 500 *l.* be deposited in the Bank of *England*, for a Security.

SInce there are to be no Lotteries after the 29th of December, *such as have a mind to try their Fortunes by venturing a little to get a great deal, ought to enquire into the difference between Lotteries, that thereby they may be satisfied which is the most Fair and Advantageous, and they will find that those that say the drawing in the Common way without Blanks is fair, cannot justify it so to be, for without mixing as many Blanks with the Prizes, as will equal the number of Tickets Cut out, there can be no way found to give the Adventurers an Assurance their Numbers are all in; neither is the Chance equal between them, for the Owners of those Numbers that are left behind for want of Blanks, have no Chance for their Venture, for though some do propose to mix a few Blanks with the Prizes, it is no more than if they mixed none; but the* Hopeful-Adventure *having every ones Number on the Balls, is the only Contrivance that can give the Adventurers the satisfaction before they put in their Money, that it is impossible to use the least Deceit, and where there is also a possibility of getting of* 20000 *l.* *in Money with one Ticket, and of* 1136 *Prizes, the* 2 *highest are, one of* 2000 *l.* *and one of* 1000 *l.* *and the lowest* 5 *l.* *and but Two to One odds, but* 10 per Cent. *abated: But such as take* 30 *and* 40 per Cent. *can afford to purchase Friends to tell People that their Lotteries fill apace, and that the* Hopeful-Adventure *does not; hoping by that means to perswade People, that those Lotteries must needs be the best that can get the reputation of filling fastest. The* 12 *d.* 5 *Ball Lottery abating but* 10 per Cent. *meets with such great encouragement, being drawn the same way of the* Hopeful-Adventure, *the* Non-Such *abating* 20. *Notice will be given when it is full. Proposals may be had at Mr.* Dixon's *in St.* Martins-lane *in the* Fields, *and at several Eminent Gold-smiths and Coffee-houses about Town.*

London, Printed by J. Dawks, in *Wardrobe Court*, in *Great Carter Lane*, near the West End of St. *Pauls*. 1699.